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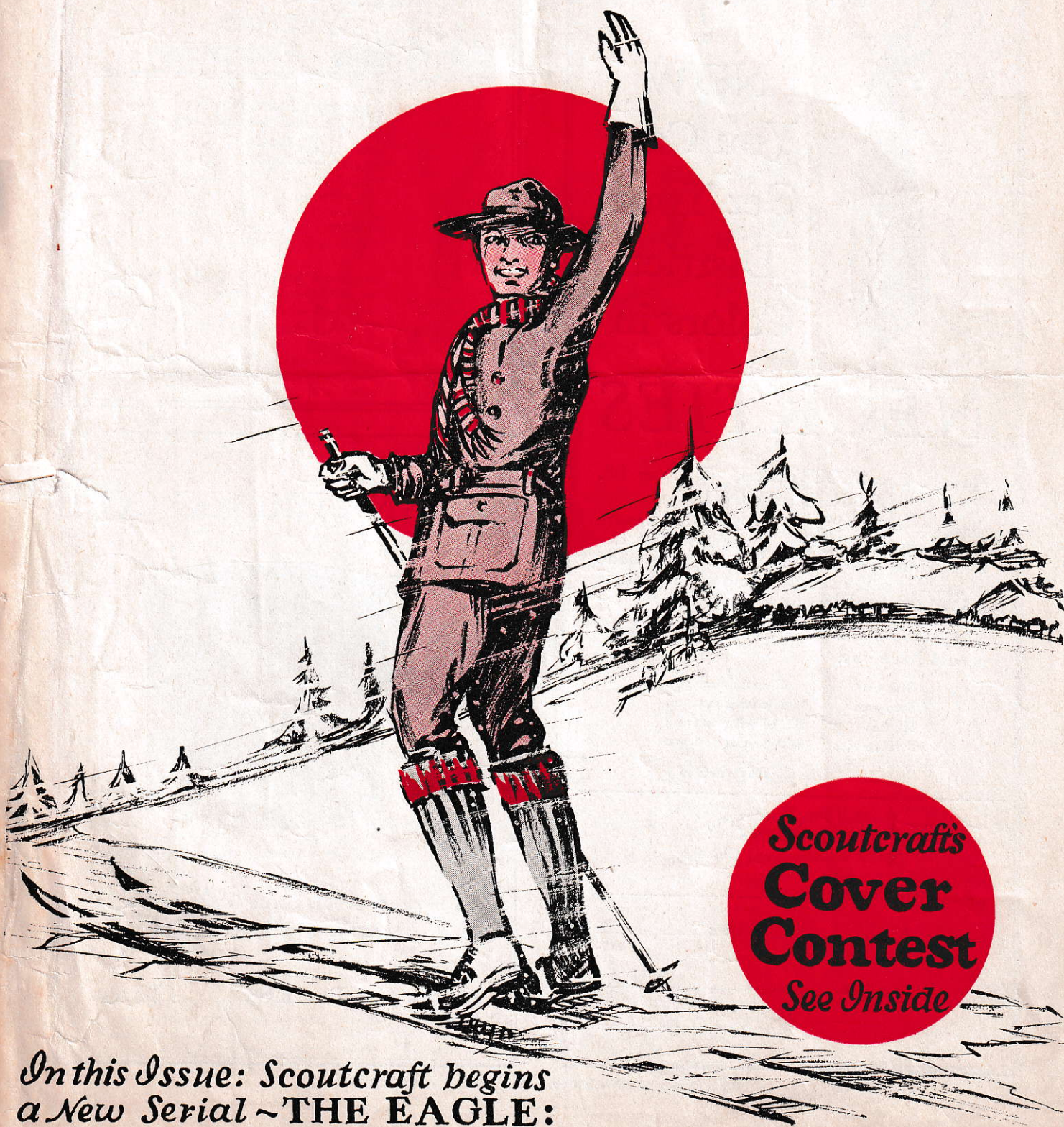
every month for Chicago Scouts by the Chicago Council, Boy Scouts of America

FEB.
1928

Scoutcraft

VOL. 8

NO. 2



Scoutcraft's
**Cover
Contest**
See Inside

*In this Issue: Scoutcraft begins
a New Serial ~THE EAGLE:*



Say
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District
Colors in

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FEB.
1928

Scoutcraft

VOL. 8
NO. 2

The EAGLE *by ~ ~ ~* DALE HATHWAY *A Serial Story of Aviation and Scout Heroism ~*

PRELUDE

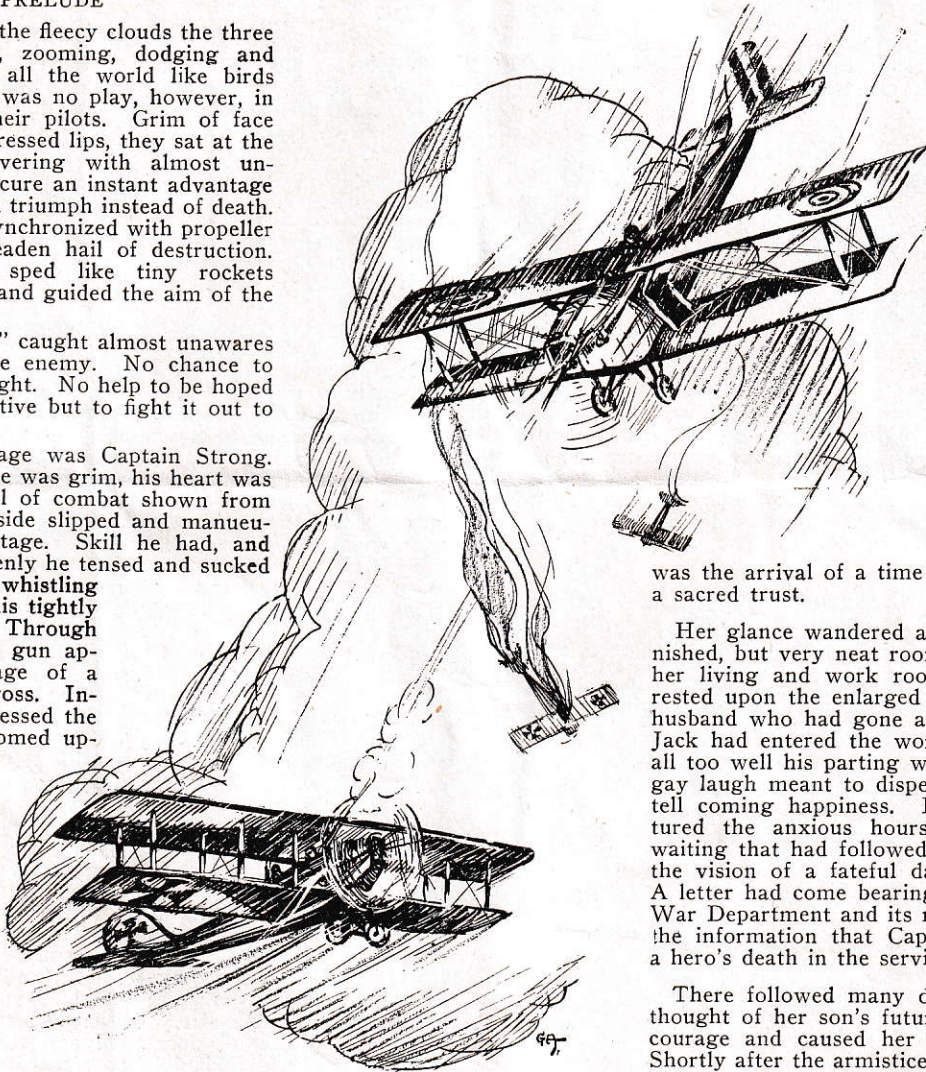
IN and out of the fleecy clouds the three planes sped, zooming, dodging and leaping, for all the world like birds at play. There was no play, however, in the hearts of their pilots. Grim of face and with hard pressed lips, they sat at the controls maneuvering with almost uncanny skill to secure an instant advantage that would mean triumph instead of death. Machine guns synchronized with propeller blades spat a leaden hail of destruction. Tracer bullets sped like tiny rockets through the air and guided the aim of the gunners.

A lone "Yank" caught almost unawares by a pair of the enemy. No chance to seek safety in flight. No help to be hoped for. No alternative but to fight it out to the bitter end.

High of courage was Captain Strong. Although his face was grim, his heart was light. The thrill of combat shown from his eyes, as he side slipped and maneuvered for advantage. Skill he had, and luck, too. Suddenly he tensed and sucked breath with a whistling sound through his tightly clenched teeth. Through the sight of his gun appeared the image of a great black cross. Instinctively he pressed the trigger, then zoomed upward to escape collision. A glance told him that the odds had evened. Far below, the enemy plane, piloted only by death, swept downward to destruction. The odds had evened, but destiny plays no favorites. At the moment of the victory, each of the still remaining fliers had found his opponent lined up through his sight. Again the guns spat, and again death took its toll.

From the hundreds of men huddled in the trenches below, and who had watched the fight with bated breath, a groan went up. Friend and foe alike suffered anguish, for instead of one plane falling, both tumbled over and over, downward toward the earth.

At a field hospital, not far behind the lines, Captain Strong kept a rendezvous with his creator. Before departing for that distant shore from which no traveler returns, he entrusted to a brother officer a sacred trust. He was to de-



liver a letter that bore this inscription—"To my Son Jack" To be opened on his 16th birthday.

PART ONE

Mrs. Strong laid aside her sewing, by which she managed to support her small household, and looked at the clock that ticked merrily away on the mantel piece. In a few minutes Jack would be home from school, and today his coming held special significance. To their small circle of acquaintances, it was simply his 16th birthday. To her it

was the arrival of a time when she must fulfill a sacred trust.

Her glance wandered around the plainly furnished, but very neat room that served both as her living and work room. Her gaze finally rested upon the enlarged picture of her soldier husband who had gone away to war just after Jack had entered the world. She remembered all too well his parting words of cheer and the gay laugh meant to dispel sorrow and to foretell coming happiness. In her mind she pictured the anxious hours of hopefulness and waiting that had followed his departure. Then the vision of a fateful day passed before her. A letter had come bearing the signature of the War Department and its message had conveyed the information that Captain Strong had died a hero's death in the service of his country.

There followed many days of sadness. The thought of her son's future, however, gave her courage and caused her to carry bravely on. Shortly after the armistice she received a packet of letters from an American officer to whom they had been entrusted for delivery by the dying Captain. Among them was a sealed envelope with the instructions that it was to be opened by their son on his 16th birthday.

Mrs. Strong's thoughts were interrupted by the sounds of footsteps outside the door. Quickly wiping a tear from her eyes with the hem of her apron, and a very trim apron it was, she forced sorrow to give way to a smile as she waited her son's arrival. And who could help but be happy with the lad who appeared. Tall for his age, straight as an arrow, a head of curly hair that seemed to defy comb or brush, eyes that twinkled at the least provocation and firm lips whose corners curled upward into a sort of perpetual smile. Stronger than average, swift of foot, and with a mind capable of clear thinking—such is Jack Strong as we first meet him.

"Hello, Mother O' Mine," said Jack, coming into the room and putting his arms about her. "I'm a little bit late, but I got to watching a couple of planes doing stunts over the aviation field and almost forgot what time it was—or what day, too, for that matter."

"You are just like your father was," replied Mrs. Strong, "he could not keep his mind off of flying machines, so when the war broke out he just had to go. It worries me sometimes, Sonny, you seem to be following his footsteps, and I can't afford to lose you, too."

"Don't worry, Mother, I'd love to fly, but it don't look like I'll have much chance—at least, not for quite a while; and don't forget that planes are much safer than they used to be. The mail planes travel hundreds of thousands of miles every year and you hardly ever hear of an accident. Why, Mother, I'll bet we'll all be riding in the air instead of on trains before we are very much older."

Mrs. Strong smiled at Jack's enthusiasm, but that was because she could not foresee what the future held in store for him.

"Run along, Jack, and get ready for dinner. We will eat early today on account of your troop meeting, and besides, I have a surprise for you."

"I'll bet I know what it is, Mother. I'll bet you baked a birthday cake—you always do."

"It's more than that, Jack, it's a surprise I have been keeping for you for nearly sixteen years! Now don't pester me with questions. The sooner you run along and get ready for dinner, the sooner you will find out all about it."

Like all normal boys, Jack had a large size bump of curiosity. He lost no time in getting to his room and out of his clothes. There followed a great splashing from the bath room and shrieks and gasps for breath when cold water followed hot. A few minutes of brisk rubbing with a coarse towel brought a ruddy glow to his skin and made him feel like a fighting cock. It was but a matter of minutes until he had donned his scout uniform and was on his way down stairs.

When Jack entered the dining room his mother was just lighting the last of the sixteen small candles which decorated a large cake. The candles were arranged around the outer edge. In the center was a design made with icing that on closer inspection represented an aeroplane. Jack gave vent to a cry of delight and came around the table to examine the cake closer.

"Gee, Mother, you're a peach! It's simply grea—" He stopped in the middle of a word and stared at an object which was propped up against one side of the cake. It was a long envelope that appeared somewhat discolored by age and which bore in faded writing, the inscription—

"To my Son Jack"

To be opened on his 16th birthday.

Jack could hardly believe his eyes. "Why, Mother," he questioned, "what is this? I didn't know that Father had left me a letter. When did he write it? Was it before he went away?"

Mrs. Strong could not withhold a smile at her son's eagerness. "Sit down, Son, and while we eat I will tell you the whole story."

Neither Jack nor his mother seemed to have much appetite for food. Jack paid very little attention to his meal but listened closely while his mother talked. The first part of her story he had heard many times. How his father, the dashing, laughing Captain, whose picture reposed above the mantel piece, had answered his country's call while Jack was but a few months old. How his courage and valor had caused him to win high honors and become an Ace of aces. How, finally, alone and outnumbered, he had found eternal peace in victory. At this point Mrs. Strong could not help from sobbing, and Jack was not ashamed of the tears that filled his own eyes to overflowing.

Picking up the envelope his mother, with some difficulty, continued: "Just before your father died, Son, he entrusted this envelope to a brother officer, who on his return to America, delivered it to me. It is to him that we owe thanks for telling me most of the facts that I have just related to you. I have always felt that father would want you to receive his message unopened, so I have kept it, sealed and safe all of these years."

She passed the envelope over to Jack who handled it tenderly. He studied the faded handwriting for a few moments and then broke the seal with his fingernail. Inside were several sheets of paper covered with closely written lines. Not wishing to keep his mother in suspense, he read aloud:

"To My Dear Son:

Now that I am about to experience the greatest of all adventures, I can depend only on you to carry on a task fate has forced me to leave incomplete. Perhaps it is only the fever which followed my wound, but at times the future seems opened to me. I picture you almost grown to manhood. Something seems to tell me that my son will develop into everything that I could wish for. Under your mother's guidance, God bless her, you will have obtained strength of body, and equally important, strength of character, so it is with little misgivings that I entrust you with my secret. Perhaps you must reach the age of manhood before you can find means to engage in this quest, if it is your wish to do so. At any rate, it is well that you know and begin making plans.

All of my life I wandered up and down the world and many strange adventures befell me. Several years previous to meeting your mother, I landed for a day, at the Seaport town of Sourl, which is on the east coast of Brazil. While wandering through the back streets of this town, it was my good fortune to go to the rescue of an old man who was being attacked by several ruffians. After a short fight they fled and I took the old gentleman, who was sorely wounded, to his quarters which were located in a nearby and none too clean native house. His injuries proved even more serious than I had supposed, and he realized that he had not long to live. He had no friends, and was apparently in the direst of poverty. He directed my attention to an old money belt around his waist and I opened it for him. Inside was a sheet of paper on which a map had been crudely drawn. From the few words that he was able to utter, I gathered that he wished me to have this. He spoke brokenly, but I managed to piece his words together into a strange narrative. It seems that for many years he had led a none too soft or profitable existence by trading with the natives who inhabited the interior. On one of his last trips he followed an uncharted trail and after many days of hardships found himself in a country unknown to white men. Finally the jungle thinned and he came to an opening several miles in diameter. To his great surprise he observed in the center of this what appeared to be a great mass of stone rising upward several hundred feet. After considerable difficulty he found a narrow path that led to the top. Ascending this he finally came to a small plateau and was startled to see the ruins of an old building, apparently an ancient temple. He explored this thoroughly and in what had evidently been the main hall of worship he stumbled upon an overturned idol of considerable size. Closer inspection showed him that it was made of pure gold and that the eyes were precious stones. He had found riches beyond his wildest dreams. However, no means of transporting his find was at hand. After some thought he decided to carefully map the location and return the following year with better equipment. On the trip back to civilization he was stricken by fever which left him in a disabled condition. He never recovered his strength, and finally in desperation he confided his secret to a man whom he thought might help him. This man proved to be dishonest and sought by force, to secure the map for his own use. It was at this point when I arrived on the scene. Since that time I have carefully kept the chart, intending some day to return and seek the treasure. You will find it enclosed with this letter. I met your mother, however, and our happiness interfered with my plans. Then came the war and it has ended my traveling for all time.

(Continued on page eleven)

The Thrill of ICE HOCKEY

WHEN Old Man Winter blusters down from out the North and changes the drab Earth into a fairyland of snow and ice, then timid folks draw their coats closer about them and shiveringly seek the warmth of indoors.

Not so, however, with the red blooded boy. For him winter holds a thousand delights. Snow ball battles are to be fought and won. The tracks of animals on Nature's white carpet challenges his ability to trail them. A smooth expanse of ice invites him to don his skates and speed away. Once on skates it is only natural that he seek to promote some game that will provide an outlet for both exercise and skill.

Probably no winter game provides a greater thrill than Ice Hockey. Calling as it does for speed and a perfect co-ordination of movement, it requires fast thinking and gives plenty of healthy exercise.

The sport is highly competitive and the player finds himself engaged in a constant series of dashes from one end of the rink to the other. Skillful shots at the puck are required of him and occasional scrimmages result. Unless guards are worn, barked shins are frequent, but these are to be expected and are laughed off as part of the game. No real boy minds a minor hurt when by acquiring it he can score a possible point for his side.

Ice Hockey, like baseball or football, has many rules and regulations which govern it. While these are strictly followed by well organized amateur and professional teams, they make the game far too complicated for a simple pick up contest between boys. It is only necessary to remember a few ordinary rules to start with.

Although the playing field is supposed to be 112 feet long by 58 feet wide, almost any smooth expanse of ice will do, provided it is large enough to allow free movement. Two goals are established at least ten feet from the end of the ice at either end of the ice field. The distance between goal points, or markers, should be 6 feet. There are supposed to be seven players on a side, but for our purpose there may be more or less according to the number of boys present.

The object of the game is to force through the opponent's goal a small round piece of rubber known as the "puck." This should be about one inch thick and three inches in diameter. If rubber is unobtainable you can easily make use of a piece of wood of similar size. The puck is entirely played by a long stick with a blade at the end which is set at an angle to the handle. The handle may be of any length, but the blade should not be more than 13 inches long and three inches wide. Any boy who is handy with tools can easily make a hockey stick.

The puck is placed in play in the middle of the field, between two left centers who face each other. Back of each left center, and in the order named, stands the Rover, the Cover Point, and the Point and the Goal tender. The Left Wing is stationed to the left of the rover, and the Right Wing at a corresponding position to the right. At a signal from



the referee the play begins and a point is scored when a side puts the puck between its opponent's goal points from the front. The puck may be played only by the sticks, though the body may be used to block it. After a team has played a number of games together, a great deal of skill in passing from one player to another is developed.

A game is divided into two 30 minute halves. In between, a 10 minute rest period is allowed. Although the official rules provide many fouls and penalties, we will only outline a few of the more simple ones here. After the puck has been played out of bounds behind goal lines or through side lines it is the referee's duty to place it five yards within the line from the point at which it went out. When this occurs, the two nearest players generally face for the puck. It is permissible to block an opponent by getting in front of him so that he cannot continue to advance in a straight line, or to secure possession of the puck with one's stick. It is also within the rules to shove an opponent with the hip or shoulder from the side or front, but never from the rear. It is not permissible to catch or throw the puck with the hand, or to kick it. An opponent's stick may be checked by hitting it with one's own.

Should a player commit a foul or otherwise infringe on the rules the referee may first warn him. On the second offense, he may at his option, banish him temporarily from the game.

The history of ice hockey probably dates back to the fifteenth century, when games known as Shinny, Shinty and Hurling were played in Great Britain. The development of the game is due to the Canadians and teams were first organized in that country in 1881. Since then it has become very popular throughout Canada, the United States and European Countries.

(The End)

Scoutcraft

Published Monthly by
The Chicago Council Boy Scouts of America

37 South Wabash Avenue

Chicago, Illinois

Telephone State 3990

PRINTING OFFICE

638 Federal Street, Chicago, Ill.

Harrison 7517

Carl A. Bryan, Editor

Troop 544—Meets at South Side Boys' Club, 3947 S. Michigan Avenue.
Meets on Monday and Friday nights at 7:00.
Scoutmaster—H. Wesley, 3947 S. Michigan Avenue.
Calumet—Troop 736—Meets at the English Lutheran Church of the Reformation, 80th and Jeffery Avenue.
Meets on Friday nights at 7:00.
Scoutmaster—E. E. Weiss, 8105 Bennett Avenue.

CHICAGO GETS ACTIVITIES DIRECTOR



Hanson W. Haun

With much pleasure we announce the appointment of Mr. Hanson W. Haun as the Activities Director of the Chicago Council. This position entails the Chief Camp Directorship of the Owasispe Scout Camps and the operation of our major city activities as well as direction of our Civic Service program and executive supervision of Sea Scouting.

Mr. Haun comes to us after six years' experience in St. Louis—the city renowned throughout the country for its splendid activities. Our Merit Badge Exhibit of 1927, for instance, was modeled closely after the St. Louis pattern. The St. Louis Scout Circus, their great pageants and expositions have been largely engineered by Mr. Haun.

Ever since his presence on the St. Louis staff, Mr. Haun has been connected with the administration of their famous Irondale camps. For three years he has been the chief camp director, with general supervision over their main camp, their ranger (mounted) camp and their tepee camp. He has proven himself a popular and successful camp executive and we are sure that his supervision over our beloved Owasispe camps will be a happy and a profitable experience for us all.

For Mr. Haun has spent the better part of a week during the blizzards days, tramping over the Michigan camp sites around Crystal and Big Blue, and comes back enthusiastic over the opportunity that awaits him there.

And so we bespeak for the new Activities Director the typical Chicago Welcome of Friendship and Good Will.

Officers and Executive Staff

R. Douglas Stuart.....President
Laurence B. Robbins.....Chairman Executive Board
Franklin Bradley.....Scout Commissioner
Carl J. Easterberg.....Treasurer
Dr. Harry W. Gentles.....Scout Surgeon
Ernest H. Noyes.....Sea Scout Commodore

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Carl A. Bryan.....Educational Director
Hanson W. Haun.....Activities Director
Theodore Shearer.....Assistant to Scout Executive
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Stanley R. Miller.....North West
Allan R. Carpenter.....West Side
Harry K. Eby.....South Central
Wm. F. Johnson.....South Shore
Fred Frizell.....South West
Frank O. Bergquist.....Calumet

Field Executives at Large

Arthur R. Pieper.....Sea Scout Division
Mason Fields.....Douglas Division

CITY WIDE COURT OF REVIEW

CHANGE OF DATE

The date for the Central Court of Review for Eagles and Eagle Palms has been changed to the last Wednesday of the month in order to give boys appearing at the District Courts of Review an opportunity to appear for final Review by the Central Court without waiting an extra month. We believe this to be a service to the field.

FEBRUARY

EAGLE and PALM Court of Review, WEDNESDAY, February 29th, at SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, 37 South Wabash Avenue, Room 905, at 6:30 P. M. APPLICATIONS must be filed at HEADQUARTERS on WEDNESDAY, February 22nd.

MARCH

EAGLE and PALM Court of Review, WEDNESDAY, March 28th, at SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, 37 South Wabash Avenue, Room 905, at 6:30 P. M. APPLICATIONS must be filed at HEADQUARTERS on WEDNESDAY, March 21st.

NEW TROOPS

North West—Troop 29—Meets at Diversey Pkwy. Evang. Church, 2749 Best Avenue.

Meets on Monday nights at 7:00.

Scoutmaster, Walter Tarrow, 2748 Mildred Avenue.

South Shore—Troop 1550—Meets at 6117 Eberhart Avenue on Fridays at 7:30.

This is an Independent Troop.

Scoutmaster, L. Hough, 6205 Rhodes Avenue.



The Boy Scout Exposition!

~ ~ Will You be There ?

Show All Set

WHEN ye townie crier on February 9th calls out, "half hour past seven and all is well," the great doors of the Armory at 16th street and Michigan avenue will swing open to hundreds of people who will be waiting. They will move forward slowly to that famous cry, "Hold your own ticket, please; step lively!"

Once inside the doors—what? A surprise to say the least. Five hundred merit badge scouts will be busy as bees at work. Their workshop will be small stalls as regular as clockwork, trimmed with sweet smelling balsam trees, lighted with a myriad of brilliant lamps and covered with a sky of brilliant flags and bunting.

With the arrival of the guests the work will start. Yonder from the orchestra pit the music will start up. Intermingled with it will be sweeter music for scouts ears—the clang clang of a hammer on an anvil—the sputtering of electricity on your left, the banging of a fire bell over there in the Firemanship booth. The steady purr of a nail making machine in the Machinery booth, and way over there a rooster in the Poultry booth, excited by the noise, will add to the bedlam.

The zero hour will then be past and Chicago's Second great Merit Badge Exposition will be under way.

Big Sea Scouts Exhibit

You older fellows will be particularly interested in the Sea Scout Exhibit. The Sea Scouts have secured from the Navy Department an actual reproduction of "Old Ironsides." The model is over fifty foot long and is full rigged. Besides this model they have a host of other interesting things including some of the trophies brought back from Alaska by the Borden Cruise Sea Scouts.

Troop 506 Demonstrating Carpentry

Nine troops applied for this booth and 506 received the

assignment. Why Carpentry should be so popular is a mystery but we know 506 will deliver on it. Mr. George Wood is Scoutmaster.

Tickets Going Fast

A quota of three tickets was assigned each scout. Twenty-four hours after the tickets had been distributed four troops were back for more. They had sold their quota!

Now, from all sides troops are reporting their quota sold, and it looks like the troop winning the prize will have to make a real record.

A commission of ten cents is being paid on tickets settled for by Feb. 4th, and only five cents thereafter till the final settlement date. A troop of 32 scouts can earn \$9.60 by merely selling their quota. There may still be time for a few more sales, scout. How about it?

Don't forget a scout diary goes to every scout selling six or more tickets.

Scouts Admitted on Tickets Only!

Scouts will be admitted only upon presentation of a special scout ticket. Your Scoutmaster has these tickets. Get yours from him.

January Court of Review for Eagle and Palm Awards

By Franklin F. Bradley, Scout Commissioner

It was a pleasure to be a part of the January Court of Review for Eagle and Palm Awards.

Not only was it the largest court in point of number of applicants, and also of examiners which has yet been held, but it also was a Court in which the attainments of the applicants were remarkably high.

Eagle Scouts—Edwin Chambers, Troop 607, and LeRoy Silver of the same troop, appeared for their Bronze Palm examination. It is to the credit of both of these boys that at least four of the five subjects selected by them were of a difficult nature. Scouts and officials recognize a vast difference in Merit Badge Requirements from the standpoint of the hardships involved in becoming proficient in them and the Eagle Court is never thoroughly satisfied with the Scout who limits his attainments to the easier subjects.

Thirteen Scouts appeared for their Eagle examination, and although a few of them were required to see the Commissioner a few days later regarding the fulfillment of certain requirements, the entire thirteen were eventually credited with having passed their tests in Meritorious manner.

The writer wishes to congratulate Chicago Scouting on the fine band of men who are giving their time to the examining of the boys in this Court. Each one of them is an expert in his line and it is hoped in these columns to eventually give a short record of the attainments of each one.

Another thing that is appreciated is an improvement in the physical appearance of the boys who come to this Court. There is just one matter open to criticism—that is the failure of the boys to bring sufficient evidence of the work completed. A more complete and revised schedule of such requirements is being prepared and it will be expected that the Scouts will live up to the requirements of the new schedule 100 per cent.

Here is the list of the new Eagle Scouts: George Bailey, Clyde Cunningham, Elmer Tripham, Robert Fishbaugh, Chester Kowalski, Melvin Patrack, Arthur Halley, Kurt Ziehn, Anthony Bollitor, Emery Hoffman, Robert Lee, Jean De Berg, Simon Horwitz.



NOKOMIS NEWS

Wanted: Several good sailors of Able rank or higher to become members of the Nokomis' regular crew.

This is a fine opportunity for the sea scout who wishes to gain fun, fame and first hand knowledge on the art of sailing on board the fastest sea scout ship in the middle west.

The main qualifications for membership are that the applicant be a reg'lar fellow and possess the ability, desire and willingness to do his share of the work.

The Nokomis is at the Great Lakes Shipyard, Belmont Ave. and the Chicago River. Saturdays and Sundays are the work days.

Do you want to sail? Then come out and show your stuff. Let's go!

An officer's meeting was held Jan. 8, 1928. Steve Ram was elected First Mate and Oloff was made Yeoman. A tentative winter program was laid out and the meeting adjourned.

MERIT BADGE EXPOSITION

The famous J. P. J. knot board will be visible to the public at the seascout section of the merit badge show, Feb. 9-10-11, at the Armory. There will be model yachts from Farragut and Old Ironsides, Arctic Trophies and equipment from the Northern Light, Silver trophies won by sea scout boats in races, a twenty foot model of the U. S. S. Constitution, a breeches buoy outfit in operation, and exhibitions of seamanship and handicraft from all the working sea scout ships in Chicago. The booth will be twenty by forty feet. Bring down your friends and give them an eyeful.

ORGANIZATION NEWS

The Skippers and Mates Association is operating under full sail. There is no doubt that such an organization has been needed for some time and good results are evident already.

Seascouting can be just as active as the seascouts can make it, but, it takes a crew to work a ship.

A course in elementary navigation will be held on the South Side in the near future for sea scouts in good standing. Date and location will be announced later.

A school for officers will also start the last part of February, details to be announced at the exhibition.

Skippers and mates will receive classy new certificates to hang over the mantelpiece.

DEEP SEA STUFF

A Short Short Story

Wind shrieked in the rigging. A huge wave crashed aboard and swept off the lee quarter boat. The gallant ship rose and hit the next one. The greenest hand was hanging on for dear life when he saw the mate beckon from where he was lashed on the poop. The hand made a break and was slapped down viciously by a sudden lurch of the boat. He struggled up, spat two teeth and gained the poop ladder. He tried to shout but the wind blew the words down his throat. Another huge wave attempted to follow the wind. Several tons of water passed over him and in him.

He hauled himself gasping and blubbering up the poop-ladder and plunged to the side of the officer. The mate bent over and howled in his ear—"Got any tobacco?"

THE HEROISM OF FRANK CADA

Frank Cada, a scout of Troop 285, is seventeen years of age. The story of his saving the life of his friend, Frank Koznik, is told in the following lines of a letter written by Mr. H. E. Niesz, Manager of Industrial Relations, to Mr. K. R. McKinnon, Chairman of the Accident Prevention Committee, N. E. L. A., at Omaha, Nebraska.

"On Sunday, May 22, 1927, Frank Cada, an employe of the Commonwealth Edison Company, and Frank Koznik went to Batavia, Illinois, for the purpose of fishing in Fox River. The location where they were fishing was soggy and the underbrush and high grass were very wet as it had rained. The boys had their pants rolled up to their knees on account of the grass and underbrush being wet. After fishing awhile they ran out of bait, so they decided to catch some minnows in a creek nearby. In order to get to this creek it was necessary to cross two tracks of the Batavia branch of the Chicago, Aurora & Elgin Railroad. This railway is a third rail design, carrying a voltage of 600 volts



Frank Cada

D. C. The right of way is easily accessible, so the boys decided to cross over these rails to reach the creek. Frank Cada crossed the third rails safely, but Frank Koznik apparently (does not remember) seeing or hearing a train (1:30 p. m. Standard Time) coming, tried to hurry across but slipped and fell with his bare legs directly in contact with the third rail. Frank Cada saw the predicament his friend Koznik was in and ran back to help him, but remembering his Boy Scout instructions not to touch a body in contact with any live electrical conductors, especially when the surroundings are wet, ran back to a nearby wooden barrier and tore off several boards endeavoring to get a dry one. Not being able to get a dry board he took one which was wet, recrossed the third rail and pushed Koznik's legs in the clear just as the train bore down on the victim.

The Conductor of the train stated that he was standing in the front of the car with the Motorman, and that when they saw the boys on the track they were unable to stop before reaching them. Their car was traveling about 60 miles per hour. The car was stopped after passing the boys. The train crew then came back and found Frank Cada applying the Schafer Method of Artificial Respiration on the victim. Frank Cada had cleared the victim and laid him between the two third rails and immediately applied the Schafer Method.

(Continued on page nine)

Scoutcraft's Cover Contest



Scoutcraft believes that the cover of a magazine should be of real interest to those who read it. The best way we know of to bring this about is to invite our readers to take part in the making of our covers.

Each month Scoutcraft will reproduce on its front page a photograph taken by one of its readers. Any boy who is a member in good standing of a local Scout Troop is eligible to enter the contests. For the best photograph submitted each month and which is reproduced we will pay \$5.00. Pictures may be of any size, either a snap-shot

or time exposure. A few words describing the picture in question must accompany it. Unused material will not be returned unless return postage is sent with it.

Pictures, to be acceptable, must contain real interest and if possible some action. A photograph of a Scout Troop in a hike, a swimming race or a night scene showing the Council fire are only a few of the many subjects that will make good covers.

Here is a real opportunity to both prove your skill and have your work paid for and reproduced by a real magazine. Go through your photo album and pick out the picture you think will win the prize. Or better still, go scouting with your camera and send the best prints in to the cover contest editor. Results will be announced each month.



By Mr. A. Flesch, Pres., Central Camera Company

Keeping a record of past events by the means of photographs provides a hobby that is loads of fun and at the same time instructive. To turn through a carefully kept photo album and study the prints, is to live again the pleasant memento they reproduce. The use of a camera is instructive because it develops artistic sense and causes a keener observation of our surroundings.

While any one may take successful pictures, there are certain rules which if followed will bring better results.

By carefully reading this column each month you will secure an expert's advice that should prove of considerable help. Questions addressed to the "Photo Editor" will be answered here.

Something About Lenses

Lenses vary in type, size, and cost in the same manner as cameras. To illustrate the possibilities of the different types of lenses is the purpose of this brief outline.

Photographic lenses may be divided into three main classes:

1. Single, or Meniscus Achromatic.
2. Rapid rectilinear (R. R.).
3. Anastigmat.

The first type, the single lens, is standard equipment on all box cameras and is also used on many of the lower priced folding machines. Because of its simple construction such a lens cannot be made to work with a very large diaphragm, or light opening, and is therefore slower than the other types. It is fast enough, however, to permit the taking of ordinary snapshots in good sunlight, and the thousands that have been sold and are in daily use for this class of work are sufficient proof that they give good results. Single lenses produce vertical and horizontal lines with a slight curvature, but this defect is so small as to be unnoticeable unless architectural subjects which fill the picture to the margins are included.

The next better grade of lens, the Rapid Rectilinear, is distinguished from the single lens by the fact that it consists of two elements, one located in front and one behind the shutter. This construction permits of a larger light opening. Hence the R. R. is twice as fast as the best single lens, and in addition, as the name rectilinear indicates, horizontal and vertical lines are rendered without curvature. In the past the vast majority of the medium-priced hand cameras were fitted with the R. R. lens as a regular equipment, although since the recent introduction of the moderate priced and more highly corrected F7.5 and F7.7 Anastigmat lenses their popularity has somewhat waned.

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(FRANK CADA—Continued from page eight)

The distance between the two third rails is just about sufficient to accommodate the victim and the operator, but Frank Cada used good judgment in not losing any time moving the victim to the other side of the track.

Frank Koznik was unconscious, and there were no visible signs of life. After working on him for five or more minutes (Frank Cada or the witnesses cannot recall the exact time) he began to breathe and was then lifted to the train and taken to Batavia, Illinois.

Frank Cada is a Boy Scout, Troop No. 285, and is employed in the Mails Division of the Commonwealth Edison Company, Chicago, Illinois. He received his instruction in First Aid and the Schafer Method of Resuscitation from the Boy Scouts. He is very proficient in applying the Schafer Method. He stated that if he had had a first aid kit he would also have taken care of the burns.

We feel that Frank Cada has performed an act for which he should be awarded the Insull Medal, and we hereby make application for it."



By The Radio Editor

Starting with this issue "Scouting the Air" will be a regular feature of Scoutcraft. It is the editor's intention to make this column of practical interest to every reader who is interested in radio. Whether your hobby is a one-tube set, a giant superhetrodyne, or an antenna sending and receiving station, you will find helpful and interesting facts presented. If you are in need of technical information, put your questions in a letter and address it to the Radio Editor. The answer will appear in this department.

ANTENNA ADVICE FOR BEGINNERS

Process of Aerial Equipment Made Clear for New Fans

By K. A. HATHAWAY

While many of the fans have a natural curiosity regarding the conversion of sound waves into radio waves, which takes place in the broadcasting station, many more concern themselves solely with trying to solve the mysteries of the radio receiver which snatches the radio waves from the air and turns them into audible sounds.

Although these processes are understood by most of the radio fans there are thousands of novices who have recently joined the ranks, who require an explanation of "how radio works." Yesterday radio broadcasting was discussed while today attention is devoted to the receiving end.

Need Good Antenna

First of all, a radio receiver must be provided with a pick-up device of some sort to intercept the radio waves. It may be a simple form of antenna, with a single wire held between two supports. It may be a loop for sets designed for operation with a loop antenna. In fact, it may take on a variety of forms, either L shape, a T shape, wire strung around the picture molding or wire under the rug. In choosing the antenna it is advisable to follow the suggestions of the radio dealer, who knows best the type of antenna best suited to the receiver.

An antenna plug such as the Dubilier may be found satisfactory and its efficiency will depend upon the location of the power transformer from which the building derives its power supply. If the transformer is located at some distance away from the building the antenna plug will no doubt be found very satisfactory, but if it is placed on a pole near the building the plug will have little use.

The radio waves traveling through the ether "cut" the antenna or its equivalent so that an electrical current is set up and directed through the lead-in wire connected to an inductance located in the antenna stage of the receiver.

By the principle of induction the weak impulse is taken up by the secondary of the radio-frequency transformer in the antenna stage and aided by a vacuum tube a much stronger signal is carried through to the succeeding stage. The current is then carried through the remaining radio-frequency stages until it reaches the detector where the impulse which has heretofore been at frequencies too high for the human ear to detect is reduced to audible frequencies in the detector circuit.

Having been brought to audible frequencies the signal is amplified through the audio-amplifier stages, which consist of iron core transformers that will amplify audio signals, but which would have a detrimental action against the radio frequencies.

The tuning of the set is accomplished in the radio-frequency stages. The frequency of the current broadcast or received is dependent upon the relationship of the inductance and the capacity in the circuit. If, then, either the capacity or the inductance is changed the frequency of the current flowing through the circuit will be changed to allow

different stations to be selected. The usual procedure in the modern receiving set is to vary the capacity rather than the inductance.

Other details of the receiver will be discussed in a later issue to show the operation of the battery operated sets as well as the so-called electric receivers.
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BOOK NOTES

A Son of the Navahos. All boys who are familiar with James Willard Schultz's tales of Indian adventure, and those who are not, will welcome this unusually good story of how two sons of a Navaho warrior chief were captured when a raid of their father's against one of the Pueblos failed. They are adopted into the new tribe and are finally confronted with the choice between their loyalty to their own people and to their adopted parents. Published by Houghton at \$1.75.

The Winged Horse is Pegasus, whose story Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill have just had to tell, they say. It is a difficult task to trace the history of poetry from its early unknown beginnings, through the Greek Homer, Roman Virgil, the great Dante, and down to the victorians on to the poets of today who are acclaimed for their songs of pure beauty and truth. But a task that has been well done. The book, which is published by Doubleday and sells for \$3.50, is worth all of the money, for it is beautifully made with illustrations worthy the charm of the text. Poetry is a subject with which many boys are but casually and disinterestedly familiar, but as a life force that has meant much to civilization it deserves, especially in this entertaining form, the attention of all youth.



Fighting Blood is a dangerous thing, as this story well shows. The hero is an American boy whose father has been an officer in the Egyptian Army at the time when Kitchener was working in the Soudan. The boy, who has lived in Egypt in his childhood, is able to disguise himself as a native and become a member of the British Intelligence Service, entering Omdurman at the time when the British force is preparing to attack that stronghold. Donal Hamilton Haines has here written a most thrilling story of war adventure. It is published by Houghton and costs \$2.00.

Sea Legs. Two boys who are entirely ignorant of the sea and ships and boats go on a cruise with an old sailor who teaches them the meaning of all the sailing phrases and accouterments. There is some plot to the tale but its real purpose and value lie in the fact that it presents so admirably information on the sea. Mr. Keane, our Sea Scout Director, thinks all boys who are interested in boating should look up this book by Alfred F. Loomis. It is published by Appleton and sells for \$2.00.

TELEGRAPH-RADIO

Serious-minded young men willing to work for nominal salary; will be trained for positions paying \$160 to \$350 per month as railroad telegraphers and radio operators.

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R. F. Turnell, Secy.

1338 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago



This column is intended to be of service to those of our readers who are interested in Philately, or the collecting of postage stamps. Questions from readers will be printed and other readers will be invited to answer them. Stamps may also be listed for exchange. Address all correspondence to the Stamp Lore editor, care of Scoutcraft.

Starting a Collection

The collecting of postage stamps is, because of necessity, the most methodical of all hobbies. To date there have been issued well over 40,000 varieties of stamps. For this reason the experienced collector generally specializes on issues of a particular type or country.

There are several ways of starting a collection. One is to save stamps from foreign letters that come into one's possession. The average boy, however, finds little opportunity to do this. An easier way is for the beginner to purchase, for a few dollars, a large pocket of assorted stamps. These can be obtained from dealers who are located in every city. Once obtained, the stamps can be pasted in an inexpensive album, or with the aid of a catalog, pasted and arranged, according to date, issue and country, in a blank note book. By doing this the beginner will become familiar with stamps in general and he will find it much easier to decide on a specialty.

United States stamps form an interesting type of collection. This in turn, however, is subject to many divisions such as U. S. Colonial stamps, including the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico, etc. There are also official departmental stamps, envelope stamps and so on, almost without limit.

There are a few simple rules that will prove of considerable assistance to any one starting a collection. These are taken from "The Stamp Collector," by Stanley C. Johnson.

1. Never allow more than five per cent of the specimens of a general collection to be of South or Central American origin. Even though every item may be above suspicion it is not well to devote more than average attention to these countries.
2. Where a government provides new issues annually, cease collecting its stamps. In a few years the multiplication of sets will operate against a rise in values, and we may believe that these stamps are being issued for collecting rather than postal requirements.
3. In cases where unused stamps are catalogued at a lower figure than the same specimens used, make inquiry before buying the former. Such instances should arouse suspicion.
4. If at any time there appears on the market a glut of unused copies of a particular variety or set, do not purchase unless it is known that they are not reprints or remainders.
5. Countries that sell their remainders in large quantities should be avoided.
6. Stamps that display errors should only be regarded as valuable when issued by a trustworthy government, and the error may be assumed to be a genuine one.
7. Do not think that Central America alone provides undesirable stamps. Worthless material has originated in Europe, Asia and Africa.
8. Never buy obliterated stamps with the original gum in good condition. Be cautious of obliteration marks consisting of bars and circles, but without date and name of town. Many such stamps are beyond reproach, but more are not.
9. Because a stamp is of an attractive design do not conclude that it is one of the "Made for Collectors" variety. It all depends on the country issuing it.

Questions and Answers

Question: What is the most valuable stamp in the world?

Answer: A one-cent stamp of British Guiana issued in 1856. Only one copy is known to exist.

BOOKS FOR BOY SCOUTS

The Boy Scouts of Woodcraft Camp.

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Question: When did the idea of postpaid, or stamped paper first originate?

Answer: In Paris in 1653, boxes were placed at street corners for the reception of letters. It was necessary to use stamped envelopes and these were sold at universities and by the porters of colleges for one penny.

Question: When did the United States first issue stamps?

Answer: The first United States government stamps were issued in 1845. They were known as "Postmaster's issues."

(THE EAGLE—Continued from page four)

Perhaps adventure is not a part of your make up. Perhaps your plans for life lie along different channels than a dangerous quest for wealth that may have been simply a dream in an old man's mind. At any rate, Son, I have little else to offer you in the way of heritage. Whether or not you some day make the search, I'm sure the path you follow will lead to success. In parting, for I am too weak to write more, let me advise you to always be honorable and upright. Learn as much about useful things as you possibly can and never fail to lend a helping hand whenever it is needed. God bless you and keep you—your Father,

James Strong"

When Jack had finished reading the letter, he was too surprised to give voice to his thoughts. He unfolded the aged map and studied it with much interest. Mrs. Strong was the first to speak. "Oh, Jack, I was afraid your father's letter would disclose his strange adventure. I know your nature all too well. You will never be satisfied until you find out for yourself whether or not the idol really exists. Your father told me the story years ago and only the outbreak of the war kept him from going back to Brazil."

"Gee, mother, if the idol is really made of gold, and I could find it, all our troubles would be over. You could have the home of your own you have always wanted and no more sewing or scraping pennies to make both ends meet. But," continued Jack, ruefully, "I guess there is not much chance. To make such a trip takes money and equipment and it will be a long time before I have either. Anyway, I can't help thinking about what father wrote and maybe some day I will find a way to go."

(To be continued)

(In next month's installment Jack meets with a startling adventure and finds a way to start his search for the lost idol.)

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